Milo Mouse and the Snowflake Kite

A SharkBoat AI Storybook



On a breezy winter morn, so bright and light,
Milo Mouse found his snowflake kite.
He grinned and said, “Let’s race the air,”
And skipped through frost with happy care.



The wind gave one soft, playful shove,
Then lifted the kite high above.
It twirled and danced in the chilly blue,
As Milo laughed, “You’re flying, too!”



He took one step, then two, then three,
And followed where the kite would be.
It bobbed like a cloud, then swooped so near,
And filled his heart with cozy cheer.



Across the hill, through drifts of white,
Milo chased his sparkly kite.
It flashed like ice, then floated free,
A snowy star for him to see.



A little bird peeked from a pine,
And chirped, “That kite looks fine, fine, fine!”
Milo bowed and waved hello,
Then watched his snowflake drift and glow.



The breezy air began to slow,
And set his kite to bob and go.
Milo tugged, then gave a smile,
And walked back home in cozy style.



At home he hung it by the door,
To dream of flying once more.
He sipped warm tea and sighed, “Good night,”
For winter days can feel so right.



The moon shone soft on roofs of snow,
And Milo cuddled close below.
He dreamt his kite still kissed the breeze,
Among the stars and sleepy trees.